

A New Chambers-Gibson Love Story

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"TALK to Diana," said Silvette to Edgerton, "and explain to her how respectable we are and you are, and how everything is certain to be properly arranged to everybody's satisfaction," and she returned to the kitchen not at all embarrassed by her pretty morning attire nor by the thick braid of golden hair which hung to her girdle.

"Silvette meant," Diana explained, "that you should understand why our consciences and common sense sanction your remaining if we remain."

ONE of the charming drawings by Charles Dana Gibson which appears in the December number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, illustrating Robert W. Chambers's fascinating story, "The Turning Point." Published by permission of the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

THE thousands of readers who revelled in Robert W. Chambers's fascinating artist-mo del story, "The Common Law," which appeared recently in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, have another sensation waiting for them in Mr. Chambers's latest story, "The Turning Point."

Charles Dana Gibson, the distinguished illustrator, joins with Mr. Chambers in producing this absorbingly interesting love story, which reveals woman's way with a man—when she surrenders herself completely to her love for him.

In the first instalment, which appears in the December issue of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, the story opens with a situation which arouses the reader to even keener curiosity to learn the fate of pretty Diana than was felt in the case of Valerie, the artist's model. Mr. Chambers's charm of expression, force of description and insight into woman's nature, with Mr. Gibson's exquisite drawings, combine to make this the story of the season.

Had He Haddie? Yes He Had- By Harry Reichenbach

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B LINKS—Well, I just finished a great case.

BUNKS—What are you doing now?

BLINKS—Oh, I'm a detective.

BUNKS—What kind of a case did you have.

BLINKS—I got proofs for a lady against her husband.

BUNKS—You don't say so.

BLINKS—Yes, Mrs. Water suspected her hubby and I went out and got Mrs. Water—proofs.

BUNKS—Did you get paid well for it?

BLINKS—Fine; I got a big check and I'm going to do you a favor. I am going to give you the check!

BUNKS—But what will you have left after I cash it.

BLINKS—Oh, I will have LEFT town. You went to Murphy's party last night, didn't you?

BUNKS—Yes. Did you?

BLINKS—You ought to know I did. You got my overcoat!

BUNKS—Who? Me?

BLINKS—Yes, you! You remember you told me if I didn't take my overcoat off in the house I wouldn't feel it when I went out? Well, I didn't feel it—I nearly froze! I hate to talk about my folks, but when it comes to honesty we set the pace.

BUNKS—I guess that brother of yours up at Auburn is there for doing the right thing, eh?

BLINKS—That's just why he is there!

BUNKS—I guess he got ten years for being too honest.

BLINKS—No, he got one of them for being honest, the other nine he got through my father's influence at Albany.

BUNKS—All kidding aside, Blinks, what's your youngest sister doing now?

BLINKS—She's teaching school.

BUNKS—Smart family yours. Have you travelled much?

BLINKS—Yes. Been all over the world!

BUNKS—Where is Solomon's Temple?

BLINKS—On the side of his head!

BUNKS—Did you travel much through Italy?

BLINKS—I should say I did!

BUNKS—What impressed you the strongest over there?

BLINKS—The garlic!

BUNKS—The Italians are great musicians, though, aren't they?

BLINKS—Yes, but it must make them tired turning that crank all day!

BUNKS—How did you like Russia?

BLINKS—Not much. They wear furs on their face in the Summer time. I was out of style all the time because my whiskers wouldn't grow. But I liked Finland.

BUNKS—Why?

BLINKS—They have such fine fish there. The man I lived with there had fish every day for dinner.

BUNKS—What kind of fish had he?

BLINKS—Haddie!

BUNKS—Had he—what?

BLINKS—Haddie!

BUNKS—Yes, I know, but what had he, had he?

BLINKS—You boob, don't you understand he had haddie?

BUNKS—He had had he, had he—

BLINKS—Yes, haddie!

BUNKS—But what kind of fish had he?

BLINKS—He had haddie—that's what he had!

BUNKS—I guess I'll leave you before you get violent!

BLINKS—You, poor thing! If your head was cut down to fit your brains you could wear a peanut shell for a Panama hat! Haddie is a fish!

BUNKS—You must have come from Finland—I see your FINISH!

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